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TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

1950

ABER DAY, 1950

SLIME

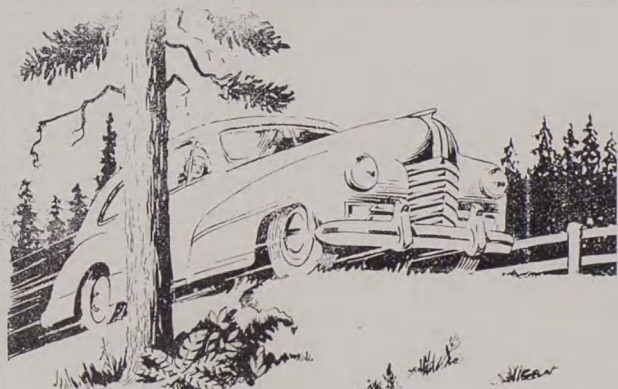
THE YEARLY BOOZE MAGAZINE



DORIS LUND

"Symbol of an era."

Come on out to The Blackfoot



The Blackfoot Tavern has a certain atmosphere not found anywhere in Missoula. Here you can relax and get away from your school worries.

Ask anyone who has visited us lately. He'll tell you what a great time you can have at The Blackfoot, drinking your favorite beer.



BLACKFOOT TAVERN

Two Miles North of Bonner

MISCELLANY

Papa Robin returned to his nest and announced proudly that he had just made a deposit on a new Buick.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mary has a little car,
She drives it very brisk.
For Mary doesn't care, you know,
She only has her *.

◆ ◆ ◆

Ad in newspaper: Daughter, come home. All is forgiven. We're calling it Diploma because you brought it home from college.

◆ ◆ ◆

She was only a second-hand dealer's daughter—that's why she wouldn't allow much on the davenport.

◆ ◆ ◆

And speaking of davenports, the guy who invented them must be an awfully rich fellow. We understand millions have been made on them.

◆ ◆ ◆

Girl (in the movies): Bill, someone's fooling with my knee.

Bill: It's me, baby, and I'm not fooling.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Are you writing that letter to a man?"

"It's to a former roommate of mine."

"Answer my question."

◆ ◆ ◆

A gullible man is one who thinks his daughter has been a good girl when she comes home from a trip with a Gideon Bible in her handbag.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Do you have a fairy godfather?"

"No, but I have a roommate I'm a little suspicious of."

◆ ◆ ◆

His face was flushed, but his broad shoulders saved him.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Goodness, George, this isn't our baby."

"Shut up, it's a better carriage."

◆ ◆ ◆

"You say his breath is bad?"

"Is it bad? Why last Halloween they pushed him over three times."

◆ ◆ ◆

"No," said the centipede, crossing her legs, "a hundred times, no!"

◆ ◆ ◆

Scene in North hall:

"Come on, take a bath and get cleaned up. I'll get you a date."

"Yeah, and then suppose you don't get me the date?"

◆ ◆ ◆

In a kick it's distance, in a cigarette it's taste, and in a rumble seat, it's impossible.

◆ ◆ ◆

Junkman: "Any old rags, any old clothes?"

Marge Hunt: "Of course not. This is the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority house."

Junkman: "Any old bottles?"

Jumboite: "Hey, you guys, cut out that swearing. I've got a woman in my room."

◆ ◆ ◆

Sigma Nu: "May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

Tri-Delt: "I'm not experienced."

Sigma Nu: "You're not home yet."

◆ ◆ ◆

She knew what it meant
When men asked her to dine,
Gave her cocktails and wine;
She knew what it meant—
But she went.

◆ ◆ ◆

King Arthur: "I hear you are misbehaving."

Knight: "In what manor, sir?"

◆ ◆ ◆

I studied abroad for a year, and then I married her.

◆ ◆ ◆

When he gave her the gift of lingerie, she blushed a little and shed a few tears because, after all, it was her first slip.

◆ ◆ ◆

She was working her way through college selling Collier's. But all the boys wanted to take liberties.

◆ ◆ ◆

Sigma Kappa: "Isn't it funny that the length of a man's arm is equal to the circumference of a girl's waist?"

Theta Chi: "Let's go get some string and see."

◆ ◆ ◆

She used to be a campus belle, but somebody tolled on her.

◆ ◆ ◆

Husband: "I'll bet if you were real sweet to the landlord he'd stop asking for the rent."

Wife: "No, darling, that doesn't work."

◆ ◆ ◆

There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
And when she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad
WAS SHE POPULAR!

◆ ◆ ◆

Driver of Car (asking directions): "I take the next turn, don't I?"

Voice from the back seat: "Like hell, you do. Just keep driving."

◆ ◆ ◆

"Please hold my hand," she sighed. "One thing at a time, baby," he replied.

◆ ◆ ◆

Collector: "What do you say to paying the installment on this sofa of yours?"

Dumb Dora: "Oh, goody! I was so afraid you'd come for the money."

◆ ◆ ◆

In a recent Hollywood divorce case the wife pleaded cruelty.

"Did he beat you," asked the judge.

"Yeah," claimed the wife, "he beat me—he had more girl friends than I had boy friends."

RELAX

At the Mint Lounge with your college crowd any afternoon and evening. We have your favorite beer and mixed drinks.



MINT COCKTAIL LOUNGE

108 West Main

"SLIME" EDITION OF "CAMPUS RAKINGS"

(Courtesy of the First Amendment of the U. S. Constitution)

Due to the purity drive by several victims of last year's **Rakings**, principally by Higher-Ups and Bill Smurr (the former an example of trying to hold down a job, and the latter an example of a job getting hold of a person), 1950's publication appears in a new disguise.

Eventually the editors hope **Rakings** will evolve into a full-fledged humor magazine as is found on many other campuses. This year we have compromised on the new and the old, and the first attempt is necessarily just that. But next year there will be more changes, and the year after, who knows?

That is, if there is a next year. Since MSU is turning more and more into a Kiddie college, thanks to those roosting in Main Hall (**Slime** does not refer to those noble birds, the pigeons), the next uncensored literature to run off the press may well be an unexpurgated edition of "Winnie the Pooh."

ABER DAY Special!

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For Picnics

Ice Cream . . . All Flavors

Malts and Shakes . . . Bottled Soft Drinks

Sandwiches to Take Out

—

Cider Jugs . . . 10c

Stop in This Evening at the

KAY-WYE

FOUNTAIN

814 South Higgins

SLIME

VOL. 1, NO. 1

ABER DAY, 1950

CAMPUS AFFAIRS



FOR THE ILLITERATE
Our Editorial

CENTRAL BOARD

Public Futilities

Balding, blue-eyed junior delegate George Fox isn't sure how far his fellow Central board members can be trusted. He was on his feet immediately shouting "I object, how much is it going to cost?" when quiet, old-campus-hand Danny Lambros brought up discussion on the proposal to decorate the skivies of all immigrant athletes with M's, Grizzlies, and other appropriate mementos to insure their loyalty to Montana.

That touched off a hot and acrimonious battle among the usually sedate board members. Aging Sophomore Dick Wohlgenant accused Fox of sabotaging the board program to investigate the loyalty of all non-native students and placed himself on record as favoring the Lambros proposal to spend \$13,532 for the embellishment of the dainties.

Feminine board delegates, a rougher crew than the male contingent, rushed to the defense of Fox. Grim-faced Kay Hennessy, stamping out a cigarette with her lumber boots, accused both Wohlgenant and Lambros of membership in a subversive organization—citing the events of two years ago when Sigma Nu was ousted by Interfraternity council and a ban placed on all intercourse between right thinking Greeks and the heretical crew.

At the very least, cried bleached, drink-hardened Laura Bergh (Boig), the Lambros-Wohlgenant attack was an attempt to deprive Fox of his legitimate

right to count every penny the front office allowed Central board to fondle.

Intercollegiate Mumblety-Peg Champion John Holding tried vainly to calm the irate delegates, finally giving up in a fit of pique (peek). He turned the gavel over to rough, raw-boned Lex Mudd and announced that he was going into Cyrile's office to count his letters while the board members haggled it out by themselves.

With Holding's departure, the meeting erupted into complete chaos. Muscular Mudd wielded the gavel so strenuously she splintered the mahogany card table. With this mishap, she, too, gave up and, lighting a Perfecto, settled back to leaf through a few late copies of Hygeia.

The Fox-Hennessy-Bergh bloc had settled cozily on one of the fine, overstuffed sofas and seemed well on its way to considering matters other than the skivie matter when Lambros returned to the attack.

Lambros adopted more subtle tactics, painting a pathetic picture of nine pitiful immigrants with nothing to their names but athletic scholarships. Lambros accused the Fox forces of being inhuman if they persisted in denying the woeful DP's such insignificant comforts as monogrammed skivies.

Bergh and Hennessy, both previously noted as hard-bitten women of the campus, appeared to weaken at this point but ferocious Fox rallied his forces by charging that Lambros and Wohlgenant were scheming to deprive the native Montana athletes of their long-established rights. (It has been a custom to award the Montana boys with handker-

CAMPUS AFFAIRS

chiefs suitably emblazoned with "Up With Montana" after each trip to Hawaii. This privilege has not been extended to the immigrants.)

The matter seemed well on its way to a complete deadlock when unassuming, money-minded Dave Freeman hesitantly cleared his throat and in a rather weak voice reported that, "We ain't got no money, so we can't buy the fool skivies anyway."

Freeman's bombshell threw the Wohlgenant-Lambros bloc into complete confusion. He clarified the situation by reporting that when Central board appropriated \$42,000 to send two extemporaneous speakers on a tour of Afghanistan, the general fund, the general reserve fund, and the God-help-us-if-we-get-down-this-far fund had been completely drained. This, with the increase in the extemporaneous speaking slice of the budget to 49 per cent (exceeded only

by the 78 per cent allotted to athletics) and the drive asking every student to donate a pint of blood for anemic athletes placed ASMSU in a very precarious position for the next 20 or 30 years.

The Fox bloc was able to carry the day after this revelation and the exhausted board was ready to call quits. Holding had grown tired of counting his letters and returned to the meeting.

Before adjourning, the board: Defied the faculty monopoly of library privileges by increasing the book rights of students. (Students henceforth will be allowed to actually touch the books for a period not exceeding two minutes as long as they refrain from opening the volumes.)

Legalized squatter's rights for anyone proving uninterrupted residence on the Student Union steps for at least six hours.

A SLIME REPORT

Montana Masquers

Sitting in the back of the theater were LeRoy (It's coming people, it's coming) Hinze and his cohort Abe (Have you got 15 minutes free?) Wollock.

The director and the technical director were engrossed with the antics on the stage of the campus esthetes—the Masquers.

(We'll do Shakespeare next year) Hinze suddenly jumped up and tore down the aisle shouting, "Good God, people, pick it up—pick it up. It's dying, people; it's dead. We open Tuesday. Now take it back a few lines."

Dick (They didn't appreciate me at Washington) Haag began his usual wild leaps across the stage shouting and gesturing in his over-dramatic way.

While considering whether or not to leave drama for something which would require less work (How I miss Bo) Haag picked up Mary (Dick's nice, but I'd like a Sigma Chi pin) Maurer and carried her out to the costume room. His soothing murmurings to (O Romeo, I'll write you from Atlantic City) Maurer were, "Mary, I forgot that Easter egg I laid for you, but I'll lay another in the last scene."

Big Wheel

Meanwhile in the theater, Tom (I'm the only Masquer Royale on the campus, you know) Roberts went up to (Who's got my car now) Wollock with a new plan for getting more money out of the unsuspecting students. Wollock's only reply: "I'll let you know tomorrow."

(Masquer meeting? Oh, next week) Roberts walked off, scheming some new way to get his name in the Kaimin again. Down the stairs tumbled Joan (Sophocles had me in mind) Hardin, screaming "Dahling" as (I only try to run this place) Roberts hid behind too-tall-for-the-part Nancy (I could have played Antigone) Fields.

Outside, the Masquer taxi roared up and out jumped the gruesome threesome. Nancy (Oh, those Theta Chis) Hayes, Audrey (Here we are, fellows) Lincheid, and Chuck (It's simply divine, superb) Schmidt who was saying "When I saw Judith in Medea . . ." At the same time, up chugged that

Model A with Virginia (My dress? Why I whipped it up this afternoon) Bulen.

Inside the box office (Journalism is my major) Roberts complained to Mary Jo (I'll get that SAE pin yet) Peterson, "Why the hell didn't you get the name—there's a system for running this place."

Backstage, the confused muddle of makeup proceeded with the we-only-drop-in-to-see-what-new-men-are-around crowd applying grease paint. Edna (I was type-cast in "Alice") Thompson dreamily thought of the Naval Academy as she put a beard on Jim (My senate plan would keep the Greeks out of office) Ward.

Eager Beaver

Janet (What pin can I get this time) Richardson tried to add some age to Larry (May I twist your arm?) Kadlec as Joyce (Have you seen my long eyelashes?) Clark kept tabs on amorous Tom (I went to Shattuck) Sherlock.

Maxine (Harry really loves the theater) Taylor finished with Isabel (If Maurer is Juliet, I'm Desdemona) Gopian and began making up Chuck (Watta frame she's got) Cromwell.

(God, I want a part) Fields came strolling in with Carroll (Oh, my aching back) O'Connor, who commented, "They can't get along without me." "Nor me," echoed Don (So I said to the Governor . . .) Lichtwardt.

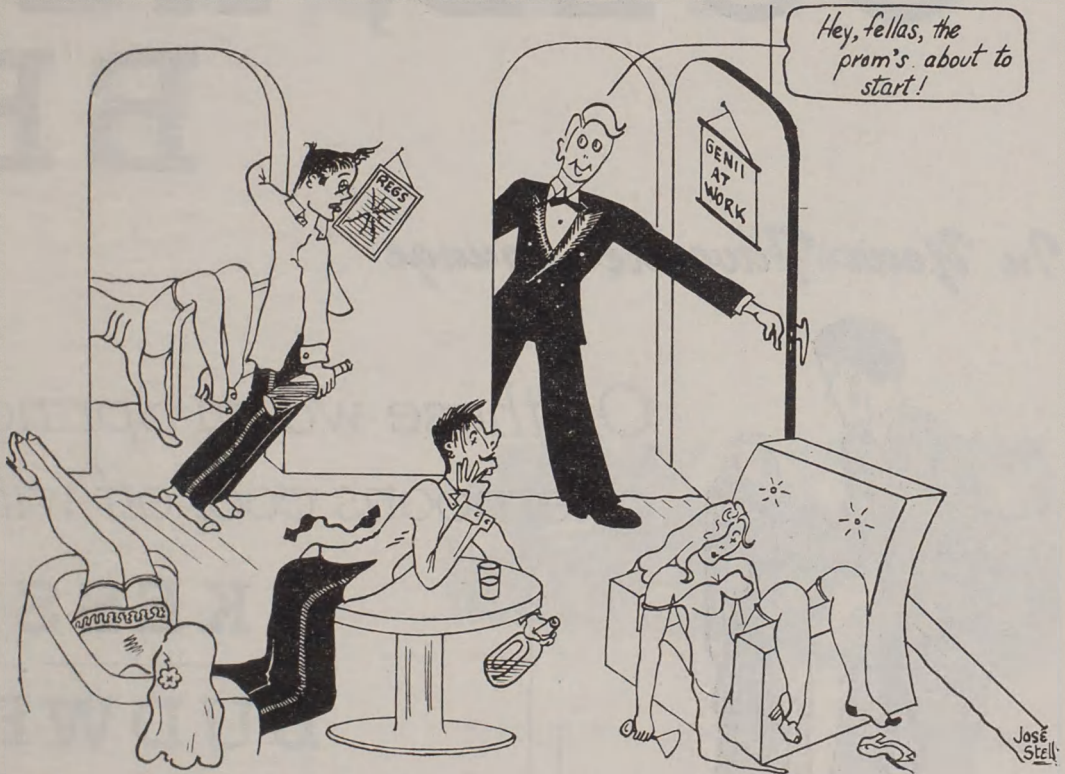
Jesper (Great American game, this baseball) Jensen greeted (I promise Nancy. I'll loose weight) O'Connor as he walked out to talk to (I'll do grand opera next year) Hinze. The giggles from the theater signaled that Bonnie Lu (I got a jolt out of Jesper) Perry had arrived with Ann (Someone introduce me to Cletus) Stone.

The mob of prop girls thundered in, led by Marie (I've got MY pin) Krebsbach, Betty (But I've got my own car) Bell, and Marilyn (They don't appreciate ballet) Kintner.

Curtain time saw Jack (This beard would wow 'um in the Bronx) Shipera and Art (Blessed Be the Tide) Lundell drawing up a list of Wollock's famous sayings. "My point is . . .; the thing I want to get across; let's think about it a while; let's let it go for the time being; I'll be with you in a minute."

Then a minor incident occurred — the show started.

CAMPUS AFFAIRS



FOR THE ILLITERATE

Our Editorial

This February, Oxford, England, was as far removed as ever from Montana—but there seemed to be a community of interests.

"Ne aliquis scholares ingrediatur tabernas . . ."—so reads the Oxford rule of the 1300's (before MSU was established). Students were thereby forbidden to enter **taverns**. Reason? — "to further the honest pursuit of studies and to restrain the arrogance of those in whom the energies of their stomachs exceed those of their minds."

Three months ago—on the heels of six centuries of "illegal drinking"—the authorities over there threw in the sponge, and dropped the statute from the Law of Oxford.

Out in Montana, things had been different. Before '46, hard-headed western good sense, empty pockets, and an intense love of soft drinks and milk restrained the folksy student body from such endeavor. These things guaranteed the outcome of the stomach vs. mind race.

The reversal came one fall four years ago—the era of the veteran—and rampant youth. Overnight, the cocktail lounge, the good old western bar boomed—young men and women found a new "social life" arena.

They didn't seem particularly concerned whether or not the "energies of their stomachs might overcome their minds." This was the age of the Thursday night club, the Friday afternoon club, the weekenders, the spring picknickers . . .

Seldom mentioned in polite circles, a deepening frown was turned toward such a heedless young folk. Action was taken: all the Greeks decided beer didn't belong in their basements and outlawed it for a time (nowadays in times of extreme thirst special dispensation is granted). Freshmen women were warned from all sides of the **EVILS OF THE HEEDLESS**. Standards committees thrived—imposing fines and lecturing contemporaries.

By spring, 1950, pockets were relatively empty again, the 4-year sigh of conscientious personnel people had hit its mark, and onlookers looked hopefully to the end of the booze era.

Thus far, no campus political group has dared make a statement of their convictions—wet or dry.

Yesterday, Aber Day picnic anticipators bought hundreds of cases of orange pop for today's festivities.

So perhaps the age of campus tipling is over—but the Oxford case cast a gray shadow—could MSU temperance powers succeed—or were they doomed to the six-century policy defeat of a brother institution? It would be a long wait.

COLD, RE BE

In Your Favorite Lounge



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afternoons cool off with*

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*Available
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Make your evening more enjoyable by
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938 Phillips Street

SLIME'S COVER

TYPICAL '50's!

Unmelancholy Dane

When Doris Lund arrived in Missoula on the train from small (pop. 200) Reserve, Mont., in the fall of 1946, she had long, blonde hair, naive (nah-eeve) exuberance, and all her teeth. Today the hair is still blonde, but is cut short, after the fashion of Miss Lund's idol, Carol Channing; the exuberance is not so naive; and her mouth is minus a tooth as the result of an early morning scuffle at the Theta Chi house.

In those days Miss Lund had a reputation to live up to... a quiet sister who had made Alpha Lambda Delta, and a dignified father on the State Board of Education. She pledged Theta (a legacy), and soon became the leader of a North hall vice ring—the glue on the seats, ink in the bathtubs, dead animals in the beds—sort of thing.

Laura Bergh of bathing suit fame was her roommate, and soon found herself surrounded by energetic Lunds who got up early, did bar-bell exercises in the closet, studied for ALD, and went into girlish raptures over Sentinel Editor Johnny Rolfson. The high point of her year at North came the day she wrote in shoe polish on the walls of 328. (They repainted).

Despite these antics, or because of them, the young Journalism major (at that time) was tapped for Spur, although she did not make ALD, and she returned to Reserve that summer a suave woman-of-the-world.

During her sophomore year there was the Indian phase (see cut), the Jack Lepley phase, the personality clash with Dean Ford phase (she changed from Journalism to English), her political phase (write-in for Central board, defeated by ex-roommate Bergh), and her Sentinel phase which was later to develop into the biggest thing in her college career (outside of a few after-hours parties at the Swallow). Miss Lund finished the year ushering at baccalaureate in high spirits.

With a personality that has been compared by many to the Sherman tank, the restless blonde had no difficulty running through junior year in high gear. She became involved with too many men to mention, although High court saw fit to do so, and ended up as Sentinel editor, member of Mortar Board, and pinned to a member of Sigma Nu fraternity (Bob Butzerin). This affair died an early death during the summer, although Miss Lund had been counselled at Bedard's by a circle of drunken friends to go on forever in the white-rose strewn path of love. (It sounded well at the time.)

By her senior year the restive Dane (Miss Lund is **not** Swedish) had become the girl you all know. At present Dave Freeman and Wiley Johnson are running neck and neck for her affection. She busies herself, between haircuts, with the Sentinel, managing Mortar Board's thriving business, and learning the German language. It is rumored that Miss Lund spent more energy and time on the last German final than she had on anything previous. (She flunked.)

This necessarily short resume has left out the story of her eighteenth birthday, her good friend, the ever-present Marge Hunter, the after-hours ride

to Bozeman to steal a bobcat, and the many, many, many parties in which she has participated.

This spring, as it must inevitably come to all seniors, graduation may come for blonde, good-natured Doris Lund, Reserve, Montana's challenge to the Russians.

A Leopard's Spots

Frank Kerr has never been much of a publicity hound.

You can search the Sentinels for the past two years, and not even find his picture.

Either he was strumming his ukelele the day of the picture deadline or he just didn't care.

Occasionally, during his four-year stay here, his name has slipped into Kaimin print.

There was the time he was heralded as president of the Independents (Frank's affiliated with a lower Gerald avenue social group). For three days, Kaimin



FRANK KERR
Hangover?

cross-banner headlines carried the Kerr name. And then he abdicated. The Greek blood is strong.

Frank swims—well. He skis. He sings, dances, and now and then drinks beer. But all of the time, first and foremost, he enjoys the delectable commodity of life—in his own special way.

He comes from Butte, a military school, the navy—to MSU. Came in with the conglomeration of 1946. He typifies a particular brand of collegian which will probably fade from view when members of that conglomerate emerge this June.

Frank doesn't know all the answers—frequently wonders if baseball will ever replace sex.

He isn't romantic—but has managed to dispense with treasured fraternity jewelry twice in his MSU career—the last time on Tri-Delt Nonie Johnson.

He's even participated in a few collegiate pranks—roamed through sorority homes garbed as Frankenstein last Halloween, crashed the sacred Sweetheart Ball one February, holds Butte and Missoula chug-a-lug records, concocts new drinks at the drop of a hat, and occasionally spends Sunday morning in bed.

Frank Kerr personifies the spirit of '50—the all-

CAMPUS AFFAIRS

over man who succeeds in sociology and flunks in education.

He's the rollicking post-war hang-over of the racoon coat era—who knows there's more to a college education than meets the eye. His passing from these hallowed portals marks the conclusions of the activity of the vine-leaved older boys—that lustful group who descended upon Corbin hall with a roar one September morning in 1946 and have never creased the happy clatter.

UNITY THIS TIME?

Honest John

Spring may bring thoughts of love to many, but to graying agitator Bill Smurr it brings political brainstorms. The latest is MSU's Unity Party.

Although Sigma Nu Brother Bob O'Neil makes the party statements to the press, his position can be likened to that of Herman Goering during the late Third Reich. O'Neil is not a political yes-man, but undoubtedly it is world-weary Smurr who is dictating the policies of the newest brain-child of campus malcontents.

Smurr wrote the original story for the Kaimin, announcing the birth of the Unity crew, but unlike his usual press release, this did not receive a byline. What is stranger yet is his lack of public comment on the present MSU government. Usually Smurr resembles Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs in the rapidity and content of his diatribes on political evils. Now he is silent . . . profiting, perhaps, by the mistakes of last year.

A Few Are All Right

While it is certainly true that the Unity group is sponsoring a few candidates of merit, campus observers deplore the manner of their selection and the comparative secrecy behind the "non-partisan" movement. These methods, they say, are no better than those worn thin by the Greeks (rhymes with Geeks) . . . those which Smurr has damned with his choicest expletives.

Meanwhile, campus loverboy Bob Burns, president of Interfraternity council, and tricky Bev Burgess, president of Panhellenic, have much in common with the master-mind. They, too, are silent.

Too Hot for Lu

The notorious trophy stealer, fondly known among frat men as Hot Lips Lu, has finally been exposed, much to her chagrin and to the depletion of her pocketbook.

Her depredations on fraternity house trophy cases will go down in the annals of MSU and long be remembered in future years by advocates of the "good old days."

It all started last fall when a warm-blooded, upstanding example of college womanhood decided to give the apathetic frat men a shot of vitamins and lifted the beloved symbols of their prowess in such athletic events as mumblety-peg. At the domicile of the Sleep and Eaters, she left a tender reminder of her visit which she deemed appropriate to their reputation. The reminder was a glass milk bottle, topped by an electric bulb to be awarded

weekly to the best beer drinker in the house.

Hot Lips was the subject of one of "Hard Nose" Remington's famous editorials, which it is rumored are being put in a tube and buried so that posterity may benefit by his gems of wisdom. In this so-called editorial, "Hard Nose" lamented the juvenile tendencies of MSU women and sympathized with the faculty, administration, parents and taxpayers that they had to put up with such behavior in this great institution of higher learning.

Hot Lips then aroused the ire of the Hickory men by glomming two of their prize trophies which were to be awarded at their tourney. After pleas and warnings, she relinquished these, and still maintained her anonymity.

Hot Lips might have committed the perfect crime if her scruples hadn't gotten the best of her. While



PAT McDONALD
Scruples?

taking the trophies to the jeweler to have some minor damages repaired, the terrible wrath of the Greek gods descended upon her and she was unveiled.

Now, on this great Aber day, the Sigma Nus are bringing a suit against her in the amount of \$40 for unlawfully carrying away six trophies, two beer mugs and one house light. Thus, the glorious trail of crime is finally ended and Hot Lips must pay for her sins.

Hot Lips has now been revealed as none other than **Pat McDonald**, the gorgeous-gammed pride of the women's muscle bending society.

Shirley Cunningham has made a solemn resolution for next year. She will no longer date men who smoke, drink, neck, or chew gum. To be eligible for dates they must be over six feet tall, be athletic, good looking, and drive a '50 convertible. Phone 6848.

Norma Horn, among others, is beginning to think of these frat "Hell weeks" are getting a little out of hand. Just what could little frat pledges do with some of the "flopper-stoppers" the Phi Delt's collected?

PEOPLE

Bugs Herring is now a widow. Sympathy is in order, but the question is who is the sympathy for, **Bugs** or **Don**?

Lolly Koefod, the auburn-haired fireball from Havre, has had a new theme song since Christmas vacation, entitled "Around Her Neck She Wears a Nickel Chain."

Mona Lee (Danger is my business) **Wohlgenant** thought she held all the aces . . . but somebody tipped **Doug Reiner** that the deck was stacked . . . Who knows how to play solitaire?

New hall girls are still cheering over the spring elections when **Drusilla** (Bones) **Thompson** was elected to AWS. When interviewed on her victory she said, "I'm pleased. I understand the girls and their problems."

Chuck Graham took the fatal step recently. **Marge Hunter** says it was no trouble at all. She only tore three of Chuck's shirts to get the pin, and that's not saying . . .

Tom Dimock finally got his courage up to ask **Jo Powell** to wear his SAE pin. After making the sweet speeches that build up to such an event, he reached in his pocket to find . . . he'd left his pin at home! But things are all right now. Her sorority sisters saw that it didn't happen a second time.

Spring often gives us the wanderlust, but no one knows yet why **Carley Bramlette** suddenly took off for Helena with an unknown admirer without a higher up's permission.

Chuck Little plans to marry his childhood sweetheart, **Doris Peterson**, in June. Could be she's been putting words in his mouth, but he's no dummy, or is he?

Clayton (The big noise from the Big Hole) **Huntley** is taking lessons in "How to keep your mouth shut when you're sleeping" because he and **Barbara** (I just love wheat farmers at \$2.25 a bushel) **Simmons** are hitching up this summer.

Bill Brandt and **Eldon Nedds** prefer the social atmosphere at the YWCA to the university social program. Try introspection, boys, if you think campus gals are at fault.

Carrie (Two loves have I) **Gillette** is keeping her romances in the Sigma Chi house. How great can the love of two brothers be?

A sore arm was a prerequisite to a Sigma Nu pin early this quarter. **Bill Gaskell** refused to hang his pin on **Joey LeFevre** until she had her tick shot. "It was worth it," she reported.

Bill (I'm 99 and 44/100ths per cent pure) **Bethke** and **Jackie Loiselle** have been making a pretty steady twosome. We're wondering what happened when the lights went out between here and Frenchtown. Better luck next time!

Unless there's a sag in the **Sugg** relationship, **Ed-die Thompson** is saving her pennies for a trip to Annapolis next year . . . with hopes of getting a ring?

When the Tri-Delt seniors pulled a sneak one Monday night their younger sisters were ready to penalize them until **Joan Gibson** remarked, "Fine them? My God, we should be happy. It's the first time in four years they've all been together!"

Flirtatious **Phoebe Habib** of Cairo, Egypt, doesn't care for some of our American customs, but she

keeps wondering why we don't have mistletoe more often.

Garene Webber loves her little collie who, rumors have it, might be human. How about it, **Mr. Coch-rane**?

The sistern are laying bets on whether or not **Doris Enebo** will keep the ring this time. **Bob Taylor** gets awfully tired paying postage between California and MSU.

It's little wonder that the girls in North are slowly becoming tone deaf when **Panama** (Earrings) **Lowry** whoops it up in the shower, the hall, the chow line, etc. And by the way, what were you doing spying in the Corbin windows, Panama? We hear **Lacy White** was quite embarrassed!

George Scott ought to get a safety catch on his Phi Delt pin. He can't seem to keep it on the girl from 501 University. Have you heard of Scotch tape, G. G. honey?

Gorgeous George (Liones and dragoons is mean animals) **Remington** is meaner than the meanest dragoon. He just found out that his proposal for raising money in frat houses was turned down by Mortar Board.

Laura (I'm no pin-up girl) **Bergh** has finally given up the ghost as far as snaring the wily **Kits** is concerned. Who wants a lop-sided romance, anyway, Laura, when **Mike Donovan** is burning up the road road between here and Helena?

Party girl **Jean Taylor** is back for her perennial spring quarter at the old hunting grounds. At this rate she may matriculate in 1960.

Nancy (I wish I had a pin) **Young** is still seen with a certain Sig Chi. Better give it up as a bad try, Nancy!

"Fraternity pins are for the fellows to wear," says **Pat McLatchy**, but **Ginny Messelt**, a staunch advocate of the share and share alike theory, has her doubts.

Sally Waller and **Betty Ann Kaus** have a mutual interest in Scandinavians, especially tall, handsome **Klas Fenell**. The only difficulty is that Sally never was much of a mathematician and just can't recognize a triangle.

Joe (I hate women) **Siemenski** was seen at the Druids' banquet with a w-o-m-a-n. He finally found out there are two sexes!

Joanna (Muscles) **Midtlyng** has announced that she and a certain **Joe Mateychek** have decided to keep steady company. The popular couple have been going together secretly for four years.

Why doesn't somebody ask **Bea** (Drums in my heart) **Hardie** and **Gloria** (I can get my car) **Dempsey** about the "live one" they found out at the Dog House?

When Montana men couldn't seem to hold her it took the European charms of amorous **Val Pishkin** to rope **Dottie Martin** in. And what's this we hear about Val being chosen "the runniest mouth" in South hall? His abilities can't be approached, according to **Val Pishkin**....

Jerrie Connelly, the "how I do love those Sig Chi's" gal, keeps everyone wondering whose pin she'll wind up with.

Big Dan Kilbride has an engagement ring up for sale. He said he bought it just in case, but the case never panned out and he wants his money back.

PEOPLE

The Sigma Kappa housemouse has given up plans to buy a new couch. Now that **Art Bennett** has purchased a car, **Art** and **Milly Roy** can drive up to Water Works instead of monopolizing the date room.

Did **Juanita Kugler** stop going with **Bob Bonnes** because she was envious of his long eye lashes? Or was it **Gil Caruso** who is ruff and tuff, and almost handsome?

Here's a chuckle. **Ted** (We're just friends, I can break it off anytime) **Schuman** was seen at the corner drug store buying a five-pound box of candy and some **Van Dykes** and **Elda Golfi** seems to have taken to wearing white shirts lately. At least she has quite a few in her wash.

Doris Stamp seems to be fond of red convertibles . . . here's one girl that makes sure she can tell the **Doggett** twins apart.

Jamie Brennan walked off with the Sig Sweetheart title, but it looks like she just can't stay away from the snakepit. The pins won't look good together, **Jamie**, so forget it. Look what happened to **Gayle Davidson**!

Divorced: **Bill Seliski** and **Jeanne Marrs**. It is reported to be the biggest break-up since **Frankie** left **Johnny**.

Dorothy (I buy all my clothes in **Greycliff**) **Nelson** is off to San Francisco this summer, leaving **Bob** (Life can be fantastic) **O'Neil** to rot on the beach with **Moby Dick**.

The only disadvantage of being pinned, according to **Billie Thompson**, is the reluctant reply she makes to male phone calls. "I **Arndt** in."

Mari Peery can't decide whether she's going with **Frank Boyd** or **Ross Hagen**. Or does **Ross** come along just to drive the car?

Lee (the wheat crop was no good last year) **Robinson** and **Ben** (**Brigham Young**) **Nordwick** are once again saving their pennies for a little excursion. Maybe this time they will at least take some clothes and their own money.

Al Maffei is just one of the law school pack who is succumbing to **Kay's** enticements.

Marcella Chesnik, lately voted the Sweetheart of Interfraternity, was heard to murmur after a date, "He only kissed me three times, but each one lasted half an hour."

It seems that **Janet** (Mother) **McDonald** is not the angel she pretends to be as was seen by a certain "Wanted" poster. Just what were you wanted for, **Janet**?

The question is whether frat "Hell weeks" are harder on the fellows than on the girls. **Janet Gould** has her sympathies for the Phi Deltas, but thinks it's a two-way proposition.

Since **Dick Reed** has stopped going with **Pat** (Stop it, **Dick**, I'm a nice girl) **Connolly**, it seems that he's been rushing his buddy, **Joe Rainville's** girl, **Delores Saar**.

There may not be much privacy in the Delta Gamma phone booth, but in one's car in front of one's house, one doesn't expect intrusions from one's province secretaries and such. **Moe** and **Bill Rixon** were terribly embarrassed to say the least!

Marian (Isn't **Larry** wonderful) **Kolppa** is still mad at the Theta Chris. After being ambushed with several gallons of water, the only thing she could

do with her winter coat was to donate it to the South African Pygmy Relief Fund.

If the kiss after the quarrel is the sweetest, **June Dalrymple** and **Mike Freeman** must have a romance of pure cane sugar by now.

Then there's **Bette Bakke**, who likes new cars, martini parties, and a guy in Oklahoma. She also does the hula.

Jimmy (I won, I won) **Murphy** is as happy as a little boy with a new toy now that he hung his pin on **Leslie Ann Lind**. What happened to the gal in **Bozeman**?

Fuzzy John Fleming, the wonderboy of the ATO house, finally hung his pin. It's about time . . . **Betsey Sherburne** has been angling for it for more than a year.

The Phi Deltas have in captivity the brother of the flying saucer man found in New Mexico. They have named him **Gene Patch**.

And now, a tear jerker. **Phil** (spring quarter, a new car, and 11 credits) **Strope** isn't operating any better than he has for the past 11 quarters, which according to him, were flops.

Paulie Grein swears he knows nothing of the woman in 219 that night . . . even blamed it on his buddy.

Now that he isn't working week ends, **Jackie Perry** is going steady with **Bill Berry**.

What blonde Butte Kappa was "aced" out by a North hall beauty who took over **Tom Kelly's** affections? Could it be that **Billie Lou Berget** is now crying on a certain Phi Delt's shoulder?

Shirley McKown says her favorite name is **Charles**. There are plenty of them in the Sig Chi house, **Shirley**, and the Alpha Phis could sure use a Sig pin! Look out for your car, **Carraway**!...

We'd like to warn **Phil** (You know I'm always right) **Reid's** girl friend that when the cat's away the mice will play, and that cheese might be awfully fresh!

Alice Mary Johnson, **Elizabeth Booth** and **Joyce Hardin** were caught recently, peering into the Phi Delt windows. **Miss Hardin** was endeavoring to discover which femme fatale was displayed for the week on **Johnny Johnson's** dresser. The other girls had reasons of their own.

Shirley (Life is just one mad moment) **Petesck** has a well organized schedule. Half her day is spent in class and at the library; the other half in a gay whirl at the local lounges.

Bozeman fellows must really have the old appeal if **Bobcat Bill Peden** can get **Pat Wedgewood** to knit ties for him.

Bonnie Bennetts is still flitting from bar to bar, but always with a different guy. **Spence Russell's** name is somehow still off the list.

Prexy Betty Lou Berland rules the Sigma Kappa house with an iron hand. The rattling of chains and the shrieks and moans resound from the basement salt mines 24 hours a day. Too bad **Falle Nelson** hasn't come under the new regime.

Everyone wants to know whether **Jim Delano** is or is not going steady with **Betty Ann Delaney**. Does she just get a kick out of driving his old klunk around?

Mary Carol McCrea is allergic to everything but **Howie Hunter** . . . or is it the other way? Everyone but **Howie Hunter** is . . .

PEOPLE

For a couple that denies to the world that they are even going together, **Helen Hayes** and **Hal Bennett** seem to be seeing quite a bit of each other these days.

Kaye Millons and an Alpha Phi have been seen out with **John (Be Bop) McCrea**. It is rumored that poor "Be Bop" is mentally, and internally fouled up trying to make a decision and stays up all night and sleeps all day.

A collection has been taken up to buy glasses and a siren for **Helen Lambros**. The demon driver has broken all records for hit and run driving. Perhaps the glasses would enable her to see all the males slipping out from under her fingertips.

At which college of the many she's attended did **Betty (Campused Queen) Brittain** learn the art of telling dirty jokes? Bet she really piled up grade points.

Bruce (The girls at Gnu hall think I look like Alan Ladd) **Rector** has been seen a good deal at the Mint lately. Are you seeking seclusion from the awful women, or is it the movies?

How much longer can this resurrected romance last between **Florence Dufresne** and the scoop of the airways, **Don Weston**?

The local apostles of light, **Louise Franz** and **Donna Burr**, are giving the Tri-Delts some of the old time religion. The trouble is that Standards board meets so often these days they hardly have time to find out what else the sisters have been up to.

The DG girls don't seem to date the Phi Delt

as much as they used to. It seems the young ladies, living so close to the athletic boys, know every time the showers go haywire.

The old Theta houseboys couldn't stand the shock and the girls are now required to dress before breakfast . . . **Deke Kelly**, where did you get that nightgown?

Mary Belle Frye has discovered that being a math genius has paid off. She may not need instruction but a certain math prof is teaching her plenty.

Jan (Make mine money) Howe is still playing the field although it's narrowed down to two. Are her affections draining the wallets of **Ziggy** and **Gee-Willy**? Who knows.

Lauren Buck hasn't made the grade with **Jo (My father's a Democrat, not a Republican) Bonner**. Seems he couldn't compete with the Student Union coffee!

Gordon Stewart, a representative of the Great Unwashed, lost his heart, **Barbara Galen**, to **Dave Shively**, alias Mighty Mouse, in a card game. In an attempt to win back his lady love, he lost two treasured candy bars.

Is **Faye Dolve** really as innocent as she looks? If so, those trips to Water Works with **Bruce Helming** will have to stop.

If the rodeos don't start up pretty soon, **Don Harrington** will be too chubby to get into his Levis.

Has **Ward (Lover Boy) Fanning** loosened his wallet strings to gain the affection of the Kappas' (Sexy Prexy) **Marg Jesse**?

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